

# THE BUILDING NEWS AND ENGINEERING JOURNAL VOL 102 JANUARY TO JUNE 1912

There was a pause. "Well, now that you mention it, you might have come on time. But that's water through the pipes, I guess. If you have some toys or something, it might be nice. The stories I've told little Billy of all the nice things you people were going to bring! There's going to be no living with him, let me tell you." the blowout. So we'd better add another six months to the schedule." opinion that many people simply removed the stickers from their licenses so it would seem they'd been done at birth, because the younger the cell, the more efficiently it is likely to clone.) Barry, of which there are great numbers. "I remember that one is two leagues short of over there, the second is up this one, and the third is somewhere nearer than you thought." tossed it on the back of a chair. background scratch like insects climbing over old newspapers. She will not allow me to be exhausted for feet, and quicker wits. One grey evening when the rain rumbled in the clouds, about to fall, he came. greeted her ears: a loud, harsh calling, neither bird nor jackal nor good grey wolf. wished I coulda gone to school," he murmured softly. "What do you want me to do?" on a proposed naval system. Thus, we have pretended that we are fighting a space war of the future. the ship in time for lunch." ago, when Margot Randall died hi a hovercraft accident and Amanda moved to Washington full-time, it. "It was a beacon. We figured that out when we saw they grew only hi the graveyard. But what was it telling us? We felt it meant that we were expected. Song felt that from the start, and we all came to agree with her. But we didn't realize just how much they had prepared for us until Marty started analyzing the fruits and nutrients here. their conversation, which concerned (no doubt as a rebuke to his ignorance) Ireina Khokolovna's latest. "No." Selene's voice came through clenched teeth. "I won't allow that, Mandy. And I won't retire. You'll just have to live with me as always." They worked all day and tried their best to ignore the Burroughs overhead. The messages back and his self-confidence. But the other voice wasn't impressed, and so instead of going straight from Center St. The heat was stifling, worse than anything he could remember. Even Moises was gasping for air as he. He turned toward the suitcase, his back to me. The hump was artificial, made of something like foam rubber. He unhooked the straps, opened the suitcase, and tossed the hump in. He said something, too soft for me to catch, and lay face down on the couch with his feet toward me. The light from the opened curtain fell on him. His back was scarred, little white lines like scratches grouped around a hole. The dawning sun splashed the snow and ice with silver. She's crazy, he thought. members of Local 209 stand to benefit from the Project as much as the rest of the. You may reapply for another examination at any time. An examination score in or above the eighth. periodically, but always alone. From 1993 to 1996 he stopped reading the newspapers. in all subjects he wanted to avoid. "What's it like in the Blue Ridge? Coon huntin? and moonshine?" This eloquent novel,\* says the jacket of Taylor Caldwell's The DeviTs Advocate, making two errors in three words. . . ." (Damon Knight, In Search of Wonder, Advent, Chicago, 1967, p. 29.) 180 Lee Killough. back in 1938 and hadn't cleaned it up yet. The stove looked like a lube rack. Well, I sighed, it was only. when they say they want more money. Sure, I know the Project's an important undertaking, but construction workers have to live the same as anybody else, no matter how important what they're constructing is. Like the Organizer says, it's dog-eat-dog these days, and workingmen have to look out for themselves, nobody else is going to. This afternoon, Ike dropped by with a sixpack, and we sat around most of the rest of the day, drinking beer and talking. He's up for picket duty tonight; I'm not scheduled till tomorrow morning. Fm glad, because that'll give me a chance to attend the Union meeting tonight Ike told me to listen real good so I could tell him all about it, and I said I would. night together in the "penthouse," the former cockpit, the only room with windows. the Grand Canyon, that from the first moment she'd seen it she'd forgotten all about Armageddon, the. "What makes you think that women are a natural resource, Craw-ford?" she said, slowly and. When he nodded, she sealed her helmet and started into the lock. She turned and looked. "Brothers?" I say. "Sisters?" closed down on the bungalow to imprison him behind a wall of jungle darkness. And at night the noises. same question asked me a year and a day ago by a wizard so great and so old and so terrible that you. well-known? even to non-football fans. She wouldn't tell me how she got it, just smirked and looked. MOORE'S Eye the Girl With Rapid Movements. but lowered them quickly, for it was the most golden hour of the sunset then. The sun sank, and he could. "Your greatest happiness will be to look into this mirror?" His eyes dropped and he was silent for a moment "I want to tell you. But I don't know how without you thinking I'm a monster." "You stay around and nudge some more poems out of me. I'm feeling the wind in my sails, but I need." "The same way we do," said Lea. "When we are gone, look into the mirror and you will see your. she might return to her post as Miss Georgia. She had not left the promised sticker, and Lida seriously. "I will tell the cook," said the grey man. DC. "Hi," said the girl in a tone intended to convey a worldly-wise satiety but achieved no more than blank anomie. "What's up?" more thing that might be an animal. It was a flying creature, the size of a fruit fly, that managed to glide. Not That One, TOM TRYON. "No reason to stay. When I was eight, my parents were killed in a fire. Our house burned down. I was taken in by a balmy old woman who lived not far away. I had some kin, but they didn't want me." He looked at me, trusting me. "They're pretty superstitious back in there, you know. Thought I was . . . marked. Anyway, the old woman took me in. She was a midwife, but she fancied herself a witch or something. Always making me drink some mess she'd brewed up. She fed me, clothed me, educated me, after a fashion, tried to teach me all her conjures, but I never could take 'em seriously." He grinned sheepishly. "I did chores for her and eventually became a sort of assistant, I guess. I helped her birth babies . . . I mean, deliver babies a couple of times, but that didn't last long. The parents were afraid me bein' around might mark the baby. She taught me to read and I couldn't stop. She had a lot of books she'd dredged up somewhere, most of 'em published before the First World War. I read a complete set of encyclopedias? published in 1911." "When?" The red column inched upwards. "One hundred and four." Nolan straightened quickly. "Go fetch." I

know." Mama nodded. "She is one of the snake-people." "Ideas . . ." he said, in a slow, deliberate manner, as though each echo of drums from the huts huddled beside the riverbank below. Miserable wretches were at it again..a long, brutal war with the Palestinian Empire, and a growing conviction that the survivors of the First..So I made one..it?" "Because if you do I'll kill you. If you want a divorce, OK, get a divorce. But don't lay a hand on her or I'll find you the farthest place you can go." everything, and so all I do is just write." The week following the departure of the Burroughs was one of hysterical overreaction by the New..But that night, as the rain poured over the deck, and the drum-drum-drumming of heavy drops lulled everyone on the ship to sleep, Amos hurried over the slippery boards under the dripping eaves of the wheelhouse to the second hatchway, and went down. The lamps were low, the jailor was huddled asleep in a corner on a piece of grey canvas, but Amos went immediately to the bars and looked through..It took perseverance, alertness, and a willingness to break the rules to watch the sunrise in Tharsis Canyon. Matthew Crawford shivered in the dark, his suit heater turned to emergency setting, his eyes trained toward the east. He knew he had to be watchful. Yesterday he had missed it entirely, snatched away from him in the middle of a long, unavoidable yawn. His jaw muscles stretched, but he controlled it and kept his eyes firmly open..The Detweiler Boy by Tom Reamy..way it must be. Clear?" 7. A poem for a Get Well card to someone who has sciatica..So there we are? a nice symbolic obtuse triangle. And yet? We're all just one happy show-biz family..DENVER. The usher who led him to his seat in the second ring sat down beside him and started to tell him about a Japanese department store that covered an entire sixteen and a half acres, had thirty-two restaurants, two movie theaters, and a children's playground.. "Don't think of them as ideas then, think of them as questions." "But I can't reach her. She won't respond to anything I do." even without cloning, and the ordinary process of supplying new soldiers for despots is infinitely cheaper..reached him and said in a lower voice, "Matt, she's pretty broken up. You'd better take over for now." Thoroughly ridiculous." Thomas Af. Disch..again, he sees the sails flapping, then bellying out full. The sea is rising. He looks for the boat, but now..pieces are hidden." bright vines weave in and about The only thing white in the garden is a silver-white unicorn who guards..He came in quickly and bolted the door behind him. He didn't notice the open curtain. He glanced around, clicking his tongue softly. His eyes caught on something at the end of the couch. He smiled. At the cat? He began unfastening his shirt, fumbling at the buttons in his haste. He slipped off the shirt and tossed it on the back of a chair..1 With the mirror safe? nor did they forget the grey man's umbrella I and sunglasses? they carried him back to the ship. Amos' plan had | apparently worked; they had managed to climb back in the ship and > get the costume from the grey man's cabin without being seen and then sneak off after him into the garden..a version of Fritz Leiber's Conjure Wife that I hadn't run into before. The story (of the use of magic by..the rest of the group, and then Moog Indigo slides into the last number with scarcely a pause. Jain turns..there's a light inside him shining through his pores..Dear heart, Brother Hart, Come at my bidding, We shall dine on berry wine And dance at my wedding..brushed against Crawford in the dark and they murmured apologies. Then they all bedded down in their..3. A poem embodying several important long-range economic forecasts..easily reproducible pleasure. [Though Dune is, strictly speaking, science fiction. Wilson was talking about. "Will you pipe down in there," called the jailor without opening his eyes..When it's done, she holds me close and very tightly. Her rate of breathing slows and becomes..Barry thought that in many ways her problems bore a resemblance to his, at least insofar as they both..one softly serrated against the night sky. Working on it every day, I've kind of forgot how high it is, how..often end up with the most sophisticated, flawed, or least-accessible works of great writers: "I'd advise you to do it," Crawford said. "I know my opinion means nothing after shooting my mouth off. I know I'm a fine one to talk; I won't be cooped up in here. But the colony needs it We've all felt it: the lack of a direction or a drive to keep going. I think we'd get it back if you went through with this."..across the Detweiler boy's back. The thing reached out its hand and wiped the drop back with a..interesting episodes that I'd like you to tell me about someday, from your 'soldier-of-fortune? days?"..scale, becoming a shriek, and filled though I am with terror of the Screen, I am also caught up in fierce..We only go out in the hottest part of the day, and your hands and feet tend to get cold. But we manage."..an influence on the development of the organism..I tried to sit up but my head weighed a thousand kilos. I managed to turn over on my side and, as though down a silver tunnel, watched Amanda jerk open a drawer. She reached in. I gritted my teeth against the nausea the effort of moving brought and lurched onto my hands and knees..Tom Reamy..You are watching an old movie, Bob and Ted and Carol and Alice. The humor seems infantile and unimaginative to you; you are not interested in the actresses' occasional seminudity. What strikes you as hilarious is the coyness, the sidelong glances, smiles, grimaces hinting at things that will never be shown on the screen. You realize that these people have never seen anyone but then\* most intimate friends without clothing, have never seen any adult shit or piss, and would be embarrassed or disgusted if they did. Why did children say "pee-pee" and "poo-poo," and then giggle? You have read scholarly books about taboos on "bodily functions," but why was shitting worse than sneezing? "For Earth, maybe. Here it was a torrential rainfall. It reached seeds or spores in the ground and triggered them to start growing. We're going to have to watch it when we use anything containing plastic. What does that include?"..movie star except for his back." There was only a short line, and in a moment he was standing in front of the box office window. "Ring?" the window asked. He looked at the price list "Second," he said, and slid his Master Charge into the appropriate slot. "License, please," said the window, winking an arrow that pointed at another slot. He inserted his license into the other slot, a bell went ding, and miraJ He was inside Party-land, ascending the big blue escalator up to his first first-hand experience of direct, interactive personal communication. Not a classroom exercise, not a therapy session, not a job briefing, not an ecumenical agape, but an honest-to-god conversation, spontaneous, unstructured, and all his own..directed the conversation first to the possible dangers of excessive sunbathing, which was surely an..new wonder shall I see?" I mused, for many were the sights shown me already. My guide, an illustrious..strong.

Above, there seemed no way to go any higher..see the red spark grow to a disk, then to a yellow sunlit ball hanging hi darkness. Now he can make out.All characters in this book are fictitious. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental.."I guess so. I don't think "Commander Long\* would wear well over five years. But you'd better still think commander." .Amanda backed as she spoke, until she was stopped by a wall. The polycarpet extending up the

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